

will be a good Boy and mind what I say, you may soon learn to read. You must know, *Giles*, that all the Words in the World are spelt, or made up, of these twenty-four Marks or Letters, pulling out of his Pocket an Alphabet cut in Pieces, which he had made of Gingerbread, for he was by Trade a Gingerbread Baker. These he placed in this Manner,

a b c d e f g h i k l m  
n o p q r s t u v x y z

All the Words in the World, said *Giles*, laughing; yes, Sirrah, says the Father, what do you laugh at? I say all the Words in the World; all the Words that you, and all the People in the World can think on, may be spelt with these Letters differently placed. Then let me see you spell *Top*, said *Giles*. So you shall, says the Father. See here is a T, and an o, and a p, —and these placed together thus make *Top*. Ay, that is a little Word, says *Giles*, but you cannot spell *Plumb-Pudding*. Why yes I can, said the Father, see here is a P, and an l, and a u, and an m, and a b, which

which placed thus make *Plumb*, is another P, and a u, and a c, and an i, and an n, and a g, placed thus make *Pudding*, Words put together make *Plumb-Pudding*.

Let me spell, Father, saying, taking the Gingerbread Letters in his Hand, what shall I spell, says the Father, the Name of any Thing you will, says the Father. Then I'll spell *Plumb-Pudding*, says the Boy; so saying, he took up the Letters, and placed them thus, *Guse*. You Blockhead, says the Father, that Manner of Spelling, says the Father, would certainly have been used by this Instant Farmer *Milton's* Goose and Goslings that he had bought of him. Run *Giles*, run, says the Father, and away he flew to save his Goose, which he did with the Aid of his Gander, that laid hold of him to keep him off.